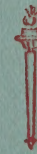
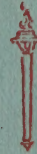
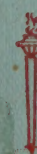
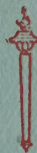
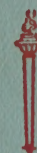
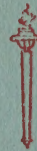
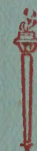
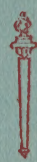
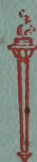


THE
PINKERTON
CRITIC
PINKERTON ACADEMY
JUNE 1905



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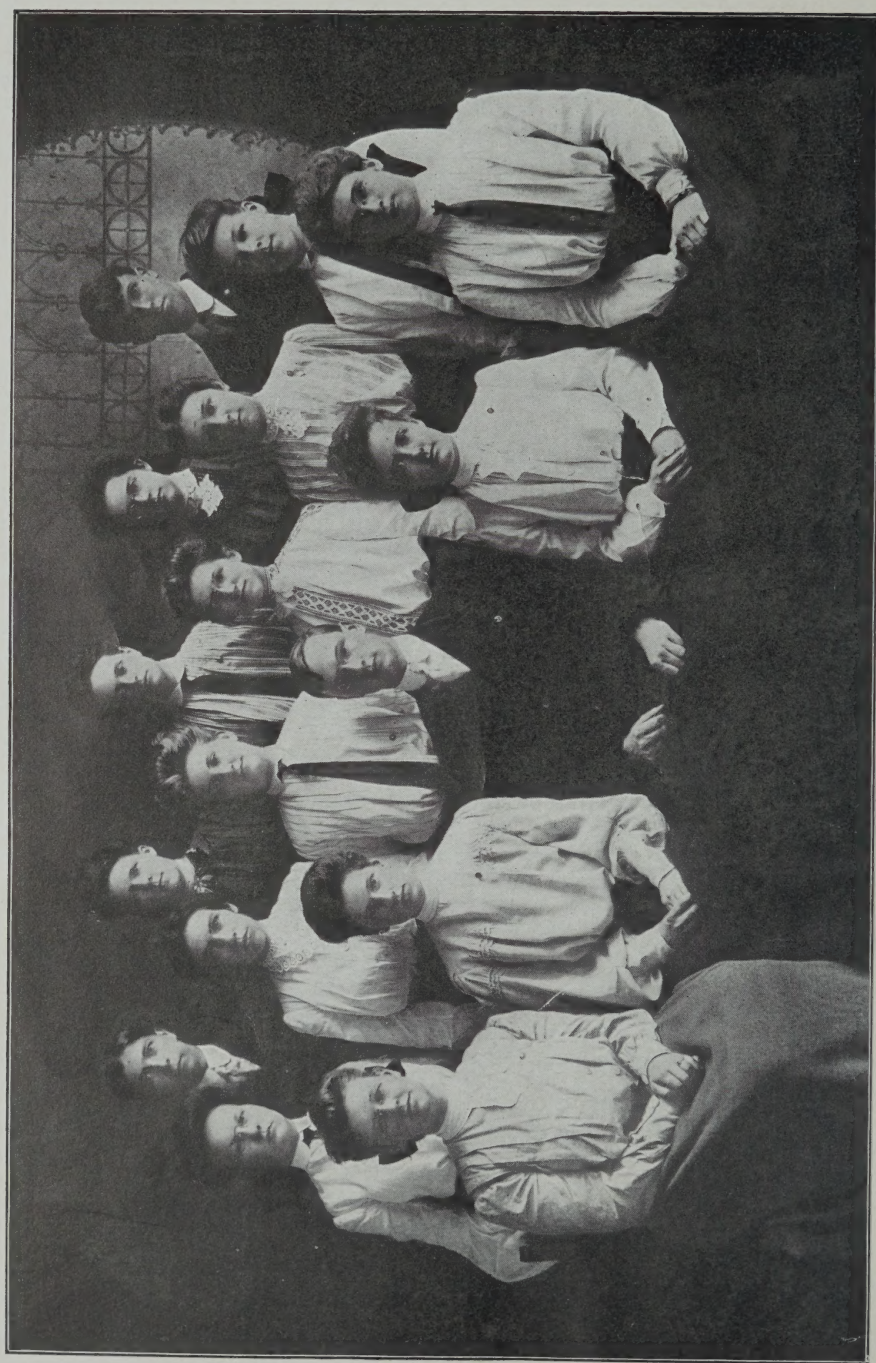
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quality and price, the confidence of
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to deserve.

A. L. Proctor & Co.,

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The Class of 1905

The Pinkerton Critic.

VOL. I.

DERRY, N. H., JUNE 1905.

NO. VII

Published twice each term by the students and faculty of
Pinkerton Academy,

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DERRY, N. H., 1905.

The Senior Class Group.

In the picture of the Class of 1905 the
members are arranged as follows from left to
right:—

Rear row: Mr. How, Miss Morse, Miss
Wheeler, Miss Bradford, Mr. West.

Middle row: Miss Stilphen, Miss Foster,
Miss Thompson, Miss Cogswell, Miss Web-
ster, Miss Bartlett.

Front row: Miss Chase, Miss Sargent,
Mr. Moody, Miss Seavey, Miss Gross.

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CLASS OF 1905.

Colors—Orange and black.

President—Howard Gage Moody.

Secretary and Treasurer — Elizabeth
Gross.

CLASS OF 1906.

Colors—Purple and white.

President—Helen Louise Melvin.

Secretary and Treasurer — Helen
Clement.

CLASS OF 1907.

Colors—Corn yellow and green.

President—Blanche Howard Prescott.

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CLASS OF 1908.

Colors—Green and white.

President—Dionisio Lamas.

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Manager—Howard G. Moody '05.

Fred G. Bartlett '08, r. e.

Lowell R. Clark '06, r. t.

Ray A. Clement '06, r. g.

Carl R. Hillman '06, c.

James I. Miltmore '06, l. g.

John Clark '08, l. t.

Isaac W. Goss '05, l. e.

Walter I. Neller '06, q. b.

A. Harvey Wilson '07, r. h. b.

Vernon C. Raitt '08, l. h. b.

Harris M. West '05, f. b.

Manager for 1905—Fritz Shepard '06.

BASE BALL TEAM 1905.

Captain—Harris M. West '05.

Manager—Dana G. How '05.

Vernon Raitt '08, 2b.

Howard Moody '05, c. f.

Fred Bartlett '08, 3b.

Fred Corson '07, 1b.

Harris West '05, p.

Ira Knight '07, s. s.

Lowell Clark '06, l. f.

Harvey Wilson '07, c.

James Miltmore '06, r. f.

TRACK TEAM 1905.

Captain—Isaac W. Gross '06.

Manager—Carl Hillman '06.

Class Day Parts.

Class History.

One sunny day in September of the year 1900, some small frightened-looking boys and girls might be seen standing in the corridor of Pinkerton Academy. Soon the bell rang, and they went solemnly up stairs where, after the opening exercises they learned that they had successfully passed the severe entrance examinations, and that the class of 1905 was safely started on its way.

The year of 1900-1901 were spent in the north room under Miss Watts's guidance. We had no responsibilities that year, such as class meetings and socials, for it must be remembered that we were only Sub-Juniors and were not allowed an active part in furnishing pleasant evenings and after-sociable strolls for our fellow schoolmates. On the whole this year was a very quiet one, as the extent of our pranks was to store away notes in the dictionary, and to whisper. Many of us were very much surprised because our deportment was not one hundred that year, but after many serious talks over the matter we finally decided the fault could not be ours.

The next year found us, now full Juniors, in the new teacher's room. At first, Mr. Reynolds, not knowing our tendencies, seated us alphabetically and very near together, but later, sad to relate, he changed our seats, leaving empty seats between us. We soon organized with Howard Ayer as president, and chose for our class colors old rose and green. Although we did not have very much busi-

ness to attend to, we had numerous class meetings, which were noted principally for noise. One day in the midst of one of our most noisy debates, the door opened and Miss Parsons stood before us. Ever after that our meetings were more orderly, and our weighty questions were discussed with subdued voices.

In May of 1902 we gave our first sociable and we rightly called it a great success. We all appeared at this sociable with our new class colors, which up to this time we had never had a chance to wear.

In June, Miss Webster gave us all occasion to be proud of our class, for she received one of the scholarship prizes.

The next fall Mr. Campbell welcomed us into his room, and introduced us to Geometry at the same time, and then our troubles began. It was under his care that we learned on the first day that an angle was the difference in direction of two lines, and forgot it before the second day.

As soon as we became accustomed to our new sitting room we called a class meeting in which we elected Mr. Clement as president, and changed our class colors to orange and black, which, as one of our member tersely said, "Was good enough for Princeton, so it was good enough for us."

The Chemistry Class recited in the laboratory that year, and many strange things used to happen while we were left to our own devices. If you will look carefully at the class cup you will see, but I nearly for-

got and told a secret. One day we were in the midst of a general moving around when something happened, and all I need tell you is that thereafter during that period a teacher was placed in charge of our room, and he remembering his past experience, allowed us to occupy special seats during that time.

During the month of October, if you had looked into any dark corner you would have been sure to find apples, pumpkins, and corn, for we gave a Hal-low'e'n Party that year.

Miss Foster and Miss Gross both won scholarship prizes. This made us begin to think that we were a pretty smart class.

In September of 1903, we threw aside all our childish habits and begun to grow solemn and dignified for we were to go into the room occupied by the Middlers and Seniors. For the first week we stood in great awe of the new Seniors who looked upon us with great pity and condescension; but by the second week we were brave enough to have our first class meeting and elect Miss Foster president.

This was a year of triumphs, for Miss Thompson, Miss Webster, and Mr. How gained great success in, "As You Like It;" Miss Morse earned a scholarship prize; Miss Foster and Miss Webster together received first and second prizes in the Essay Contest; and Miss Bartlett a prize in the Declamation contest.

We entertained our schoolmates one evening that year with a farce and a musical programme.

We also chose our class motto, "Spec-temus Agendo," and our class pins which we received in time to wear to the graduation exercises.

This year found sixteen of us Seniors,

and would you believe it if I told you we did not feel nearly so important as when we were Juniors? It was now our turn to welcome the Juniors, so we had a class meeting, elected Mr. Moody president, and made plans for our reception.

The class meetings have been very frequent this year, and very serious questions have been discussed. Our principal has also told us many secrets behind closed doors, and one day he told us that Miss Webster, Miss Foster and Miss Gross had earned the three class honors.

Miss Webster, Miss Bartlett, Mr. How, and Mr. Moody represented our class this year in the annual Shakespearian play which was given under Miss Fogler's direction.

This year has been one of our hardest, yet one of our pleasantest, for we have been more closely united during this last year of our school life than ever before.

—ROSIE BELLE CHASE.

Class Prophecy.

A rainy day always makes one long for society. Everything outside wears a dark forbidding scowl, no ray of sun makes the landscape smile, the birds are dumb, the flowers hang their heads, and only the constant drop, drop of the rain is heard as it trickles down over the roof and falls in the gutter. It was on such a day as this that I was left to spend the afternoon alone in a large, noble, old-fashioned house, only a part of which was used.

I had amused myself as long as possible by looking at books and family pictures, so I made my way up to the garret, —a queer old room with sloping roof and big brown rafters. I attempted to open a window, but in vain; the disuse of years

was like bolts and bars. I discovered, in the gloom of a cobwebby corner, an old elaborately carved oak box. The rusty lock offered but little resistance and I soon had the box open. On top lay some old laces yellow with age and ready to fall in pieces at the least touch. Carefully I lifted them from the box, and upon looking further I discovered a beautiful shawl. This also I drew from its hiding place in order to examine it more closely.

I drew an old arm chair up to the window, and as I sank into it I saw a dim figure in a far corner. I was startled at first, but soon regained my composure and resolved to face any stern reproof which might be coming to me for disturbing these precious relics. As I gazed the figure became more distinct, and before I was aware of it, an old woman, haggard and faded, stood before me. She pointed to her own shrunken neck, around which was an exquisite necklace of pearls; then slowly, but distinctly she said: "These pearls were once the friends of a beautiful princess. An old witch, having failed in her attempts to steal this princess when a child, revenged herself by transforming the girl's dearest friends into the gems that you see, and obliged her to wear them. They slipped from her neck when she was still a child and were lost. I found them and have worn them ever since. They have forced me to travel through every clime, until I found the person for whom they have a message. They tell me now that my journey is ended. It is for you that I have spent my life in constantly traveling hither and thither without pausing for rest. Take them and receive the message which they bear." Slowly she unclasped the necklace and laid it in my hands. "Pass

your fingers over the pearls," she said, and then was gone.

I had no voice nor desire to ask more of this strange person, but simply obeyed her command. I passed the first pearl through my fingers and it spoke to me thus: "I and my sister pearls have traveled all over the world and we know many things which you have been longing to know. We can tell you everything. No, do not speak," said the pearl, "just listen. We know what is uppermost in your mind. You wish us to tell you of your classmates."

Before I could murmur my assent the pearl continued: "I was visiting New York one day when I made my way to a large hospital on the banks of the Hudson River. Upon entering the building the first sight that met my eyes was that of a woman bending tenderly over the couch of a patient. She wore a white apron and a dainty white cap, and I at once recognized your classmate, Miss Chase." The pearl then slipped from my grasp and my fingers rested on the second which said: "It was on this same tour in New York that I made my way to a great publishing house and asked to see the manager. I was led through a long passage, up some stairs and into an office, where I saw Mr. How seated at the desk." Here the third pearl took up the story: "The manager kindly offered to show us over this vast establishment, so we passed into another room where I heard the click click of a typewriter. I looked more closely and beheld a woman with a large golden pompadour bending over a desk. Yes, it was Miss Thompson whose fingers were rapidly flying from one key to another." The next pearl then began: "We were about to leave New York by boat

when we saw a man hurrying to get his trunks checked. It was Mr. West who was leaving New York for Bordeaux where he was to take up his duties as consul." The next pearl told me of things she had seen in my own town. "I was going down Broadway one day," she said, "when I saw one of your classmates just entering a large clothing store. It was Miss Bradford, the wife of a prominent business man." The sixth pearl said, "that she was climbing Mount Washington when she met Miss Morse, who was enjoying a rest at home after giving lectures in all the neighboring cities."

The next pearl was also among the mountains where she had seen Miss Stilphen who had just returned from a trip abroad with new ideas to introduce into her school for embroidery. The eighth sister told me of a visit to a library where in glancing over the shelves, she saw a book called "The Solution of the Labor Troubles in the United States," in which the author, Miss Webster, had shown how the trusts have made the liberty loving American into a mere automaton. The ninth pearl, while seated at the reading table in this same library, chanced upon a magazine which contained a valuable criticism on the latest books, by Miss Bartlett.

The tenth messenger had visited a large city where she found Miss Foster filling the place made vacant by the late Mary A. Livermore as a leader of the woman's suffrage movement. The eleventh had been at a college where she found Miss Gross, after having completed her course at Pinkerton and Wellesley, the honored teacher of Greek. Two more pearls told me of passing hand in hand up the steps of a great cathedral. On through the entrance they went and stopped only when

they heard soft strains of music issuing from an inner recess. As they drew nearer they recognized Miss Cogswell seated at the magnificent organ. From another secluded alcove they could distinguish the words: "Last night I lay a sleeping there came a dream so fair, I stood in Old Jerusalem" Hark! it was Miss Sargent's voice rendering the first strains of the Holy City.

My fingers were near the end of the necklace, but they paused on the fourteenth pearl who told me that while passing through a pretty country town she came upon a fine estate covered with gardens of bright flowers. Here she found Miss Wheeler enjoying her pet hobby of cultivating rare lilies and roses. But two more pearls were left. I touched the next and she spoke to me of Mr. Moody, an inventor, who had found out how to extract radium from the air in such quantities as to lower the price from 10,000 dollars, to 10 cents an ounce. Having become enormously rich he had just given Pinkerton 100,000 dollars for the endowment of athletics. My fingers passed to the last gem but it refused to slip through as the others had done, neither would it deliver to me the message which I felt sure it must hold. I tried again. No, it remained fast, and I realized that my own future still lay unrevealed deep in the heart of the pearl.

—JESSIE LANE SEAVEY.

Class Poem.

It was in May, with kindly warmth

The sun shone softly down

Upon the class of Nineteen Five

As it journeyed into town.

We entered the small studio

Resigned to any fate
 That might await us in that room,
 For we were somewhat late.

The steely-eyed photographer
 Gazed at us in dismay ;
 His spirits sank down in his boots,
 And ours weren't very gay.

The maidens fixed their pompadours
 And sidecombs quite a lot,—
 The boys tugged at their neckties
 Till they got them in a knot.

It was with trepidation that
 At length we took our place,
 A large, expansive, sickly grin
 Illumining each face.

We changed our pose five hundred times,—
 Or was it twenty-five ?
 It really is a wonder that
 We all came out alive.

We turned our heads this way and that,—
 We pulled our shoulders back ;
 Our president sat up so straight
 His neck began to crack.

When after many arguments,
 Suggestions, and advice,
 We all were ready in our place,
 We must have looked quite nice.

Perhaps we did, We did not care,

We all were wondering
 How long our tortured bodies had
 To stand that sort of thing.

"Be still for just three seconds, please."
 The world stopped going round
 For just about three decades
 If my reckoning is sound.

And then the tired photographer
 Said weakly, "It is done."
 I tell you we were pretty glad
 Once more to see the sun.

Just a little word of warning :
 If perchance, you're ever lured
 Through the door of the photographer's;—
 Just have your life insured.

.

Dear classmates, for four happy years
 We've struggled on together,
 Up o'er the hills, down through the vales,
 In fair and stormy weather.

But now the end is very near.
 The work that was begun
 By our dear class four years ago
 Is pretty nearly done.

The Past is gone ; the Present here :
 The Future lies before us
 And may we fill it full with deeds
 Both good, and true, and glorious.

BESSIE BARTLETT.

The Class of 1905.

Bessie Bartlett,	Raymond	Marian Ida Morse,	West Derry
Bessie Emily Bradford,	Derry	Lulu Adella Sargent,	West Derry
Rosie Belle Chase,	Derry	Jessie Lane Seavey,	Derry
Marguerite Adams Cogswell, Stratford, Conn.		Carmen Bundy Stilphen,	Jackson
Myra Isabel Foster,	Candia	Arvilla Haynes Thompson,	Raymond
Elizabeth Hayden Gross, Windham Depot		Marion Cecile Webster,	Chester
Dana Greenleaf How,	Derry	Harris Moody West,	Chester
Howard Gage Moody,	Worcester, Mass.	Elizabeth White Wheeler,	Windham

Commencement Parts.

Pinkerton Academy.

Ninetieth Year.

First Honor Essay.

A TRIO FROM DICKENS.

In the books of Charles Dickens we are prone to appreciate only the bizarre and eccentric characters, of which he makes an excessive use. We do not separate from the throng of impossible principals, from the crowd of secondary supporters, the plain, every day people. To be sure, many of his scenes would be more impressive were they acted upon the stage, and in fact, several of his novels are better fitted for the drama than for the world of books; and his unreasonable characters would be more forcible behind the foot-lights than in the ordinary routine of life. There are many, however small a part of the teeming product of his imagination — whom the world will never let die; and of these are Sam Weller, Clara Peggotty and Bob Cratchit.

We make our first acquaintance with Mr. Samuel Weller in the court-yard of an English inn, and we become fascinated at once by his jovial countenance and his hearty appreciation of wit. His florid complexion and massive frame belong to a class of mankind whose dissertations upon the ups and downs of life would give to many a poor, disheartened mortal the incentive to try again. He was undisturbed whether his livery provided by the Pickwick Club was of the latest cut or not; life was too short to worry about

such trifles, and he was in the world to make the best of things. He said to Mr. Pickwick apropos of his battered and defaced tile: "Ta'nt a werry good 'un to look at, but it's an astonishin' 'un to wear; and afore the brim went it was a werry handsome tile. Hows'ever it's lighter without it, that's one thing, and every hole lets in some air, that's another — wentillation gossamer I calls it."

Sam had been given to the world to be instructed by the hard task-master experience, and he had bettered by the instruction. His nature had the power



MISS MARION C. WEBSTER.

to overcome the luring temptations associated with this strenuous life. He had ascended this ladder to his success by no mere luck or chance; he had begun at the foot as a carrier's boy, ascending to the position of a wagoner's boy, thence to a helper, a boots, and finally a full-fledged gentleman's servant as he styled himself.

Sam had many qualities of a detective, and such a bump of curiosity—or was it merely a desire to learn more?—that he was unafraid to ask questions. He was always ready with a reply for any one else; but should the questioner be unwelcome, the questioner would receive so laconic a reply from the honorable Mr. Weller that he would not be likely to make further inquiries.

Perhaps we should not like to accept all that Sam says as truthful; he was as fond of a good story as anyone. It would be unfair to the general air of the record to pick his witty sayings to pieces. Common sense and keen satire were often mingled with his nonsense. "Battledore and shuttlecock's a werry good game," said Sam, "when you a'n't the shuttlecock and two lawyers the battledores, in wick case it gets too excitin' to be pleasant." And so, with justice we have respect for his honesty, his loyalty, and his wholesome advice to mankind. Outside of "Pickwick Papers" we might find his jest and jollity tiresome, but they are quite consistent with the general atmosphere of these memoirs, where anything but comedy would be out of place.

Clara Peggo-tty was one of those good natured, wholesouled persons whose very presence gives to one who is weak a sense of strengthened security. In fact, this characteristic of Peggo-tty radiated from her entire person, but especially from her

eyes, which, though green and not especially handsome, were eyes of trust and sympathy. Sometimes they were put to hard tests when Master Davy asked some rather pointed questions, and it was with difficulty that they could evade the truth.

Peggo-tty's hair was as black and as straight as an Indian's, and was pulled back in a little knot precisely into the middle of her cranium. Every hair was trained to take the same direction each day, and I do not believe that the position varied a hair's breadth in ten years. This method of hair-dressing made Peggo-tty's ruddy, fat cheeks appear to stick out like the nut-filled pouches of a squirrel.

That Peggo-tty would never be imposed upon was shown by the end of her nose, which tilted upward at an angle of twenty degrees. And Peggo-tty's mouth! That mouth could be, and generally was, wreathed in the most engaging smiles; but, on the other hand, Peggo-tty could close it with a snap into a firm line, and the force of this snap, it always seemed to me, tested the strength of her false teeth.

The complexion of Peggo-tty's face, arms, and hands, was very similar to a polished Baldwin apple; and although her figure of two hundred pounds may not have conformed to the modern ideas of poise, yet it gave her a certain motherly air which she could not have obtained otherwise.

Her abilities as a nurse were by far her highest attainments; she was unquestionably accomplished to a high degree in house-work, but in the sick-room she could make herself indispensable. Her calm, unruffled nature brought rest and comfort wherever she entered. She could easily adapt herself to circumstances, and although her temper sometime rose, —

always in a good cause, — she never let the sun go down upon her wrath. There is onescene in which Peggotty figures that I am sure I shall never forget: Peggotty, on one side of the table, darning stockings under the evening lamp, “the little house with the thatched roof, where the yard-measure lived, the bit of wax-candle which she kept for thread . . . so wrinkled in all directions,” with David Copperfield on the opposite side of the table, poring over that wonderful Cro-co-dile Book.

Bob Cratchit! what a glorious memory of festivities and Christmas joys that name conjures up! What a happy ringing of Christmas chimes is always associated with this family of Cratchits. Bob Cratchit is not outwardly disheartened by the uncivil responses of Scro-o-ge,—that miserly dragon of his existence. No, indeed! It never would have done to present a doleful countenance at home on such a day as the twenty-fifth of December. Think how many disappointments would have resulted! Such conduct would have been unworthy of a Critchit.

It was Bob's motto to be happy “no matter what your lot, however rocky, however full of briars, just make the very best of it you can, and you will find that you can accomplish a great deal more than if you sit down and bewail your fate,” said he, and Bob found pleasure even in his work as he pored over his heavy account books.

He was overflowing with generosity, kindness, and compassion. So busy was he in enjoying the good fruits of life that he had no time to be hunting for trouble. Actually no time! When you shook hands with Bob you did not get a half-hearted pressure in return. It was a genuine good, fellowship clasp,—that of a life-long friend.

Here is a quotation from a recent storiette: “Jealousy travels dis road eve’y day, an ef you got spritual vision you can see him walkin’ arm in arm wid all your frien’s whisperin’ and pintin’ ” This is a sentiment which was as far from Bob Cratchit’s heart as anything could be. He never came into intimate relation with this disease so as to learn its character. And that tells the tale, gives us the secret of our bond of fellowship with him — he was a man overflowing with gratitude.

The mere mention of Bob Cratchit makes me think of the picture of this individual as he stood in the door-way with his clean, patched clothes, his long, winding muffler, and Tiny Tim with his crutch upon his father’s shoulder — both beaming with joy in anticipation of the luscious goose already steaming for the Christmas dinner

—MARION C. WEBSTER.

Daystars.

Over the shoulders and slopes of the dune

I saw the white daisies go down to the sea,
A host in the sunshine, an army in June,

The people God sends us to set our hearts
free.

The bobolink rallied them up from the dell,

The orioles whistled them out of the wood ;
And all of their singing was, “Earth it is
well !”

And all of their dancing was, “Life, thou
art good.”

So I said in the words of the poet, as I looked out over the “meadows trim with daisiespied” and then I mused, the farmers call them weeds and ruthlessly pull them up or mow them down. their life in the fields is but short. How have they the courage to say “It is well” when many a one of God’s children, for whom so much more is done,



MISS MYRA ISABEL FOSTER.

can not say it?

Then came the answer: "Because they have learned the lesson, 'happiness lies in simple service simply rendered,' a truth which has gladdened the people who have learned it; but which few cull from life, and they, only with time and sometimes by bitter experience.

Even the daisies have not always known this lesson, but like people have had to learn it, for a wise old oak which had stood for years overlooking a meadow, the summer home of many daisies, told me this tale which I will tell to you.

A century ago when the oak was young the daisies were far from being in the happy state of to-day, for there had arisen among them everywhere a bitter jealousy because the other flowers were, in their eyes more beautiful. They were envious of the roses in the gardens, of the violets in the woods, and of all the bright blossoms upon which they saw people smile. One day the white

meadow of jealous daisies near which the young tree stood, began to utter aloud the complaints upon which they had been meditating, saying pettishly that, they would like to know why they had been made just plain white instead of a beautiful pink or red; that because they weren't bright, people laughed at them and passed by. At last they declared: "We will never blossom again, this shall be the last year that we bear their ridicule."

As he heard this un-daisy-like speech, a bobolink whose music had often enchanted them, flew down from his swing in the oak, exclaiming, "Never blossom again! why what would the fields do without you? Jealous of the roses, why you are ten times dearer in your place than they could ever be! When the great Creator had given these other brilliant flowers their places and their work, He saw that the low-lying meadows and forest-girt fields looked too dark and gloomy. Then, as in His plan perfection was necessary, he sought for a remedy and said: "As I have stars to help light the heavens by night, I need stars for my fields by day," and you are the stars that he placed there, to shine by day and brighten the lives of men.

"So be content with your station in the fields and roadsides where you may daily gladden the common walks of men. Many a blessing has fallen upon you from their lips as they perceived you looking up from the grass at their feet, although you knew it not; and more shall drop if you do better your work as stars. 'Tis only a small service which is required, but fulfil that, and no longer shall you be grieved by envy.' Then with a laughing trill to gladden all who should hear, the bobolink skimmed away through the meadow to his nest and his patient mate.

Oh, sage philosopher! well you chose your text, the daisies, the daystars of sum-

mer, for the oak told me that as the rebellious flowers listened, they began to look more cheerful, then glorying in their new knowledge of their mission, to light up the world by day, proudly raised their heads toward the sky; and with a nod of approval said, "We will obey the lesson."

When the story told by the tree had passed through my mind, I began to think how well the daisies fulfil their work of giving light to the world, each one doing its little part, and, as it was a bright June day when

"Nature hangs her mantle green
On every blooming tree,
And spreads her sheets o' daisies white
Out o'er the grassy lea."

I looked out over these and thought how many people are cheered by that light, the rich, the poor, the high, the low, the young and old, the well and the sick, every one who can see it.

Then I remembered that not all are able to look upon these fields, but the daisies in their desire to brighten the lives of such have gone everywhere, into the roughest and darkest places. I called to mind how one daisy seed drifted to a crowded city and finally rested in a little corner of the darkest and most dreary alleys. Here amid surroundings of squalor and poverty it somehow attained a foothold and grew, at last sending forth a bud and then a blossom. The untrained, unkempt children of the tenements crowded around it with words of astonishment, that the flower felt were blessings in themselves, for they had never seen a blossom in that gloomy, sunless place. Soon a quarrel arose as to which child should have the flower, and in the battle the plant would very likely have been destroyed under their feet, had not the largest child among them, a girl, asserted her authority, and shouted: "Let it alone. What! would yer kill the little posy, when it's been so good as to come

in here among people like us?" Awed by her tone, for the smaller children knew what Meg's wrath meant, and had no desire to encounter it, they separate^d, and drew back far enough to leave the daisy safe. Then Meg made a proposition, "Let's adopt it as one of us." This was a novel idea, and as these children could not in their surroundings find many such, they at once accepted this.

The daisy became their playmate, and all through the summer gave them joy and gladness; while in turn it received their tenderest care. Each child became the servant of the flower, brought it water, and with an old knife-blade stirred up the hard soil so that it might do its best, and the flower, pleased by such a hearty welcome where it had expected none, put forth all its strength in bearing blossoms for them.

Meg named the daisy their country sister, and because the simple flower brought to the surface the finer things in the girls' mind, hitherto overshadowed by her dull lot, and since during a short visit to the country at a former time in charge of the Fresh Air Society, she had seen the things with which the flower was familiar, she would repeat to the others as they gathered about her the stories which it had told her of the fields and of the hosts of flower and bird friends which it had left there.

The rougher and more mischievous sports of the children were given up for the new pleasure of talking to the flower. As they looked at the white robe of their sister, their ragged, dirty attire suffered in comparisons so they began to make such improvement, as were possible, while into their once dull eyes the light of intelligence crept. Then the improvement spread to the surroundings of the flower, for the children thought it unfair to require their kin friend, so pure of face, to look upon that which was so foul and unsightly.

With the end of summer, the daisy said "good-night" and closed her eyes for a long sleep. Unkind the children thought the winter to take away their little sister for so long but unkind still, when they learned that Meg, who had begun to droop with the withering of the daisy, had been too fragile to bear the cold of winter, and was slowly yielding to that dread enemy of the Slums, Consumption.

In the spring her playfellows came to announce to Meg, now only a shadow of her former self, that the daisy sister was coming back again to see her, that they had just seen its green top appearing; then in a few days they came to tell her that the daisy was hurrying to come to her.

"Well I'll wait for her" she replied, and waited day by day, though they little thought she had the strength. By the time the birds came, the little girl was very low and weak from one of those hemorrhages which preceded the end, and the women watching judged it only a matter of hours. But she rallied, and the children anxiously watched and tended their plant, trying to force its blossoms; while it too seemed to hasten.

The result was that a full week before daisy-time, two white blossoms were seen one morning, and were taken in haste to the dark basement where the sick one lay. "Oh! Meg," they cried, but in softened tones, "It's come."

And as the children laid them in her hand she murmured brokenly to the daisies in a voice so low that they barely caught it: "I waited—for you,—now—take—me—back—to the—country—with—you." Then with a look upon her countenance which told that she had found perfect peace and happiness at last, Meg closed her eyes and allowed the daisy to lead her back to that country where grow flowers of unrivalled beauty. Truly this day star had shown in a needed spot.

When the little coffin was borne out of the alley a few days later, there were in it, tightly grasped in the dead girl's hand, two daisy blossoms and a few buds. Flowers have often been more lavishly bestowed, but have seldom borne a tenderer message.

Frequently too, the daisies have bestowed their care upon some long forgotten grave, or have been placed upon another by loving hands, too empty to provide more costly blossoms.

One daisy found its way into the yard of a rich man who had, in the greed of accumulating wealth, forgotten the country home of his boyhood, and the mother now waiting in age and loneliness while he was growing hard and miserly. Day after day the modest messenger smiled up at the man as he passed to and fro between his office and the rich but cheerless home. For a time no impression was made but patience will win, and at last the man gave a glance. Then the forgotten chord in his heart began to vibrate. He thought of the days when he had played among the daisies so tall that they almost hid him, while his mother kept watch from the porch. He wondered if she were sitting there now looking out towards the daisies expecting to see him rise from among them. Then he saw where his way was now tending and after being haunted all day at his desk by these thoughts, he said at night as he passed the daisy, "I thank you for coming here." Simple words, but the daisy understood, and became even more beautiful as it smiled an acknowledgement back. Yes, beauty and happiness lie in service.

Often the daisies have lighted up our churches, and have sent their beauty to rustic weddings where orange blossoms have been lacking; and to-day they are helping us by telling you our motto, "Spectemur agendo" and it seems most appropriate that these flowers which have been trying to gain your

recognition by their works, should proclaim our watch word for they seem to tell us that it means simple as well as great deeds.

And this is the message that I should like to leave with my classmates: as we go out into the world, each of us, I know carries our motto deeply imprinted upon our minds, and intends to live up to the ideal which he sees in it. Now let us unite to those ringing words, "Spectemur agendo," the lesson taught the daisies, and let us be daystars in the spots where we may be placed, shining to brighten the world, so shall we be able to say of life, "It is well."

MYRA ISABEL FOSTER.

Third Honor Essay.

IDEALS.

By one's ideal we mean his standard of desire, his ultimate object of attainment. Ideals are high or low, worthy or unworthy, according to the character, education and environment of those who cherish



MISS ELIZABETH H. GROSS.

them. And even worthy ideals vary widely in range and quality from "some set-

tled low content" that satisfied Orlando and Adam, to the "solely sovereign sway and masterdom" demanded by the "vaulting ambition" of lady Macbeth.

To cherish ideals is as natural as to breathe, as for the trees to raise their branches toward the sky, and for the flowers to greet the sun with unfolding petals. Ideals come to us in early childhood; shape themselves to our environment; and grow with our growth. Those of the child are indeed a strange set of images. This little boy playing marbles in the back ally looks upon the champion fighter of the school campus as his hero; when he grows up he will be a fighter, he will hold the championship,—such are his boyish thoughts, but they change before he reaches his hero's age. His sister aspires to have red ribbons like the girl who sits in front of her in church, and to walk with the swing which her heroine has. But these are only the ideals of childhood, and show how untrained minds are attracted by those things which, like physical strength and bright colors, make themselves most evident.

Gradually ideals change, passing into something better in some cases, but in others becoming so disfigured and shattered that they are no longer worthy of the name. On this turning point life often hinges. Only let the fostering sun of a lofty ideal shine and keep shining upon the enfolding bud, and the blossom bursts forth in its glad entirety. But let the canker-worm of crime creep in and gnaw out the heart, and the sun becomes no more effective. but the rose loses its beauty and withers.

Everyone who has aspired to anything noble has had an ideal; and he who has succeeded has held to that ideal with an

iron grip which to him meant life or death.

A mother was sitting by the cradle of her sleeping child, and as she mused it seemed that there stood near her a group of strange figures offering gifts. One promised health, one wealth, one fame, one love. But last of all came one "with hollow cheeks and burning eyes" who said, "I will give your child the power to cling to his ideals, and their images shall remain with him always." Then it was that the mother, throwing aside the thought of earthly pomp and power, or even the opportunity of gaining fame itself, with tearful entreaty besought the last dark figure to touch her child. Wise mother! She knew that with this it might be possible for her son to gain all the rest and have happiness besides.

But let one start in life with a high ideal and stop by the wayside to rest in the pursuit of pleasure. When he comes to himself and gets ready to start again, he finds that his ideal has flown, and he is left, like Circe's victims, debased in form and crippled in spirit. A sculptor once started to carve an angel from a block of marble. At first he worked steadily and perseveringly, and he seemed to hear the flutter of angels' wings and to see their bright faces encouraging and inspiring him. But gradually he allowed the ideal to fade, and he stood one day confronting the carved face of a demon, the result of his own work. Byron at thirty with his masterpiece written, the flower of his genius faded, chafing that he has gained no higher fame, is only another example of a fallen ideal.

One must cling with tenacity to his ideal, must follow wherever it leads, resting not, pursuing ever, with this one pur-

pose in view. "He wins who dares the hero's march; he fails who feebly creeps along."

Turn to Alexander, that youthful conqueror of the world, and you will find a worn copy of the *Iliad* in his pocket. What does it mean? This is the story of the great Achilles. Alexander admires "the bravest of the Greeks," and the desire to imitate him burns deep within him. He, too, will be a warrior; he will surpass the "common herd;" his praises shall be uttered by future generations. How he clung to this ideal, and what he accomplished is now known to every school-boy.

Yes, he succeeded beyond all his hopes; for, years after, there came another man, who took not Achilles, but Alexander himself for his model. And when he stood over the grave of his hero, and thought how little he had accomplished, although past the age at which the other had conquered the world, he wept. But from those tears there sprang up a new impulse within him. "Better be first in a little Iberian village than second in Rome," he said, and his words were prophetic of the success that made him "the foremost man that ever lived in the tide of time."

Here are only two examples of what an ideal may do. We might mention Lincoln and his Washington, Browning and his Shelley, Milton and his Euripides, only to swell the list of those who by keeping their ideal before them have reached the goal of success.

But sometimes one will find his ideal slipping away without any apparent cause. It does not mean to him what it once meant. It seems commonplace while it ought to be a constant source of inspira-

tion. Has he been misled? Was it a mere phantom that deluded him for a time, and is it really substanceless? The fault is not so much that of the worshiper as of the worshiped: he has outgrown his ideals. They were appropriate once, but now their day is past. He is passing on to something higher, and needs a better guide. As Athens gained her fame by forsaking military ambition and finding a solace in art, so he must find a solace in a new ideal. For a time he may wander about aimlessly, like a child lost at night in the woods, but as sure as the sun brightens the forest on the morrow, so sure will a new and brighter ideal gladden the heart of the anxious deserver.

Sometimes the question comes to a doubting one whether, after all his toil, all his aspiring, his ideal is really worth while. Has he cherished it so long, worked for it, suffered for it, only to find that it is but dross, and that "all is not

gold that glitters." That question one must decide for himself. All ideals are not of the highest order; but provided it has not merely selfish ends, it is quite likely to be worth while. Will it endure? Will it stand the test of eternity? Will it be an ideal a thousand years hence as well as today? Such ideals are not common; but the great names on the pages of history belong to those who have cherished them.

What can the ideal do? Rather what can not the ideal do? It can brighten the path of youth with hope and aspiration; it can alleviate the trials and cares of life's noontide; and can ensure a peaceful age. It can make a dreary life of sorrow and pain worth living. It can make the impossible possible; it can climb the highest mountain peaks, scale the clouds, and rear its habitation in the sky:

ELIZABETH H. GROSS.

A Pinkerton Problem.

The Abbott was in a Brown study, because his Foster sister had asked him which was more sought after, the almighty dollar or the Barndollar. He set out to seek a solution of the question and met a Shepard tending his flocks near a Marsh. The Shepard advised him to ask Thompson, who could certainly Hatch up an answer. Thompson in turn advised him to ask the Hillman, a noted philosopher who could usually be found in the Stilphen or Moore in fine Clement weather. The Abbott said, "My strength is gone, my Blood is chilled; I'll rest upon this Morse and send a messenger." He summoned a Carrier and sent him by Knight to seek the Hillman. As he rode along at a fu-

rious Raitt towards the West he came upon Donaldson sitting in Moody silence. "Why this sadness? See How Merriam. I go to seek the Hillman to find an answer that Fitts a serious question." "Alas," said Donaldson, "you have a long Chase before you." When at last he found the Hillman, this wise man pondered a while and then said: "I cannot Bartlett such Gross ignorance prevail; the Barndollar is more sought after, because the Barndollar is more sought after than nothing, and nothing is more sought after than the almighty dollar. Thus by simple reasoning the Barndollar is easily proved the more sought after."

QUOD ERAT DEMONSTRANDUM.



Athletics.

As was decided best at the beginning of the year, our entire attention has been given to base ball this season. An excellent coach, Mr. Girard, has been with the boys for nearly the entire period, and the success of his efforts has been very marked. Except on two occasions the team has played a fast and steady game, and has defeated teams from large High Schools that have resources many times greater than ours.

Next spring we shall begin the season with all but two of our present team. But we shall not have West, and that means a loss that will be hard indeed to make good. He has been the soul of the team. Always steady, and with perfect control even in the most exasperating situations, he is one of those players who are often not improperly characterized as "an entire team." Never in the whole season has he lost his head; no team has yet been found that could hit him successfully.

West intends to enter New Hampshire State College, and Pinkerton will watch his progress upon the college diamond with great interest.

Financially the season has been successful. We have had good crowds at our home games, so that in every instance we have cleared quite a little above our expenses; the members of the Athletic Association have been ready with their dues; the school at large has contributed generously at our fair and at our ice cream festival, and by contributions of money.

Moody too will leave us. He has played

an excellent game in the field, but his work at the bat has not been as good as in former years.

Next spring it is hoped we shall also have a track team, and shall be able to meet our rivals in the field as well as on the diamond.

Pinkerton 3; Methuen High 0.

On May 2 Methuen High came up to Derry and were shut out, West being a mystery with men on bases. It was a game of few hits on both sides, and on two occasions Pinkerton filled the bases and then failed to score, although once there were none out. Ganley the Methuen pitcher was good, and got his team out of several tight places. The score;

PINKERTON.

	A.B.	R.	B.H.	P.O.	A.	E.
Raitt 2b,	3	0	2	2	1	0
Knight ss,	3	0	0	0	2	0
West p,	2	0	0	3	4	1
Clark lf,	4	0	0	1	0	0
Moody cf,	4	2	0	0	0	0
Corson 1b,	4	1	1	11	3	0
Wilson c,	3	0	1	8	2	0
Neller rf,	4	0	2	0	0	1
Bartlett 3b,	4	0	0	2	1	0
Totals,	31	3	6	27	13	3

METHUEN HIGH.

	A.B.	R.	B.H.	P.O.	A.	E.
Remick 2b,	3	0	0	1	1	0
Cook ss,	4	0	2	1	1	0
Douglas 3b,	4	0	0	2	2	1
Norris lf,	4	0	2	1	0	0
Pierce 1b,	3	0	0	9	0	2
Bugbee rf,	3	0	1	0	0	0
Craven c,	3	0	0	8	1	0
Ganley p,	3	0	0	1	4	0
Emsley cf,	3	0	0	1	0	0
Totals	30	0	5	24	9	3

Two base hits, Corson, Cook, Norris, Struck out by West 5, by Ganley 6, Bases on balls by West 2, by Ganley 3, Stolen bases, Raitt 3, Moody 2, Knight, West, Corson, Wilson, Neller, Cook 2, Norris, Pierce, Hit by pitched ball, West, Raitt. Umpire, A. Nichols. Time 1.30.

Manchester High 7; Pinkerton 3.

On May 6 Pinkerton went to Manchester and were defeated by the score 7 to 3. This was the first out-of-town game, and the boys were nervous in most cases simply from lack of experience. Manchester made her runs on errors by the Pinkerton infield. In addition to this poor fielding the Pinkerton boys could not connect with Lamorey's curves often enough to do any particular good. West pitched a game that with good support would have held Manchester to one run. The score;

PINKERTON.

	AB	R	BH	PO	A	E
Clark, lf,	3	0	0	1	0	1
Knight, ss,	4	0	1	0	1	2
Raitt, 2b,	4	0	1	2	0	3
Bartlett, 3b,	3	1	1	3	1	4
Corson, 1b,	4	1	10	5	0	1
Moody, cf,	4	0	0	3	0	0
Wilson, c,	4	0	1	9	0	0
Neller, rf,	3	0	0	0	0	1
West, p,	2	1	0	1	3	0
Totals,	31	3	14	24	5	2

MANCHESTER HIGH.

	AB	R	BH	PO	A	E
LeMorey, p,	5	1	0	1	2	0
Bruce, 2b,	4	0	0	6	1	0
Grant, rf,	4	0	0	0	0	0
Breed, cf,	4	2	1	0	0	0
Brice, lf,	4	2	2	3	0	0
White, c,	4	1	1	11	3	1
Bowdin, 3b,	4	0	0	0	2	1
Hayes, ss,	4	0	0	1	1	0
Fradd, 1b,	4	1	0	5	0	0
Totals,	37	7	4	27	9	2

Innings,	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Manchester,	0	3	1	0	1	2	0	0	*-7
Pinkerton,	0	1	0	1	1	0	0	0	0-3

Two base hit, White. Struck out—by LeMorey, 10; by West, 7. Bases on balls—Off LeMorey, 3. Umpire—Broadhead. Time—1:35. Attendance—150.

Pinkerton 8; Johnson High 9.

On May 13 Pinkerton lost a game at North Andover to Johnson High. As can be seen by the score that follows, the P. A. boys had made little improvement since the defeat by M. H. S., and played a very ragged game. For the first five innings

Johnson had everything her own way, and run up a large score before Pinkerton could do anything at all. In the last three however the tables were turned, and Johnson got a scare that she will not soon forget. A combination of errors gave P. A. runs enough to tie the score in the ninth, when Bartlett, with two men out and two men on bases, brought in both runs with the prettiest hit of the year. P. A. might then have won but for poor throwing that enabled Johnson to score in her half of the ninth with two men out. The pitching of Dusham was the feature of the game. The score;

PINKERTON.

	A.B.	R.	B.H.	P.O.	A.	E.
Raitt, 2b	5	2	1	1	3	1
Corson, 1b	5	0	0	9	0	1
Bartlett 3b,	5	0	1	4	1	4
Clark lf,	4	1	1	3	0	0
Wilson c,	4	1	1	7	0	2
Knight ss,	4	0	0	1	0	0
Neller rf,	4	1	0	1	2	1
Moody cf,	3	2	1	0	0	0
West p,	4	1	1	1	3	1
Totals,	38	8	6	27	9	10

JOHNSON HIGH,

	A.B.	R.	B.H.	P.O.	A.	E.
Clee 3b,	5	0	2	2	0	1
Morton rf,	5	0	0	0	0	1
Taylor c,	5	0	0	19	2	2
Greenwood ss,	5	0	0	2	1	1
Dusham p,	5	2	3	0	2	1
Josselyn lf,	3	3	0	0	0	1
Bassett 1b,	4	2	0	1	1	2
Whittaker cf	4	1	0	0	0	0
Carey 2b,	4	1	1	3	0	0
Totals,	40	9	6	27	6	9

Two base hits, Clee 2; Struck out, by West 7, by Dusham 17; Bases on balls, by West 1; Stolen bases, Raitt 2, Clark 2, Wilson 2. Moody 2, West, Josselyn: Hit by pitched ball, Moody. Umpire, ——— of Johnson High.

Pinkerton 14; Methuen High 3.

On May 16 Pinkerton took another out of town trip and brought back a game. Methuen High was the victim, and Glen Forest in Lawrence was the scene of the conflict. Pinkerton woke up early in the game, and stayed awake, triumphing at last by a score of 14 to 3. The boys

played fast ball all the way, and were never headed. Knight, short stop of Pinkerton, contributed the fielding feature by making a splendid stop and fast throw from behind second base. The score;

PINKERTON.

	A. B.	R.	B. H.	P. O.	A.	E.
Raitt 2b,	7	0	0	1	2	1
Corson 1b,	5	1	2	14	0	0
Bartlett 3b,	5	1	1	1	1	0
Clark lf,	5	2	2	0	0	0
Wilson c,	5	3	3	8	1	0
Knight ss,	2	3	1	0	3	2
Moody cf,	3	3	0	1	0	0
Neller rf,	5	0	2	1	6	0
West p,	5	1	1	1	3	1
Totals,	42	14	12	27	10	4

METHUEN.

	A. B.	R.	B. H.	P. O.	A.	E.
Remick 2b,	4	0	0	3	2	0
Cook 1b,	4	1	1	7	1	0
Norris lf,	4	0	0	1	0	0
Douglas 3b,	4	0	0	1	0	0
Pierce cf,	4	0	0	1	6	0
Ganley p,	3	1	0	4	2	0
McFarlane rf,	2	1	0	1	1	1
Craven c,	4	0	1	8	1	3
Emsley ss,	4	0	0	1	1	4
Totals,	33	3	2	27	8	9

Two base hits, Knight, West: Struck out by West 8, by Ganley 6; Bases on balls, by West 2, by Ganley 4; Stolen bases, P. A. 20, Methuen 5; Hit by pitched ball, McFarland, Remick, Knight. Umpire, Poland of Punchard High.

Pinkerton, 4; Nashua, 5.

On Saturday, June 3 the team went to Nashua and played with the Nashua High. The game was fast and clean, and Pinkerton showed up well at times. They were in the lead all the time until the ninth, when a momentary slip-up on a ground ball, followed by a base on balls and a hit, won the game for Nashua. Hammond, the Nashua pitcher, was well supported by his catcher, and after the first inning kept the hits well scattered. Pinkerton's great fault in this game was a lack of safe hits, because a lead of one run is not safe when away from home. West pitched good ball, and Corson led with the bat, getting three of Pinkerton's seven hits. Nashua gave a splendid exhibition of pluck in

playing to win with odds so greatly against them. The score:

NASHUA.

	A. B.	R.	B. H.	P. O.	A.	E.
Wilkins, cf	4	2	0	2	0	0
Field, ss	4	0	2	1	2	2
Avery, 3b	4	0	1	2	1	0
R. Hammond, 1b	4	0	0	11	0	1
Phinney, lf	4	0	0	2	1	0
French, c	4	1	0	3	3	0
Shughrue, 2b,	3	1	0	5	1	0
Coggins, rf	4	0	1	1	0	0
K. Hammond, p	3	1	2	0	3	0
Totals,	34	5	6	27	11	3

PINKERTON.

	A. B.	R.	B. H.	P. O.	A.	E.
Raitt, 2b,	4	0	1	3	3	0
Corson, 1b,	4	1	1	12	0	1
Bartlett, 3b,	1	2	1	0	1	0
Clark, lf,	4	1	0	2	0	0
Wilson, c	3	0	1	8	2	0
Knight, ss	4	0	0	0	3	1
Moody, cf	3	0	0	1	0	0
Miltimore, rf,	3	0	1	0	0	0
West, p	3	0	1	1	2	0
Totals	30	4	6	27	11	1

Nashua,	0	0	1	0	2	0	0	0	2-5
Pinkerton,	3	0	1	0	0	0	0	0	0-4

Earned runs—Nashua, 1; Pinkerton, 1. Stolen bases—Wilkins 2, Phinney, Corson 2, Bartlett 2, Clark 2. Bases on balls—Off Hammond, 2; off West, 1. Struck out—By Hammond, 3; by West, 6. Umpire—Rock. Time—1:45. Attendance—200

Pinkerton, 5; Punchard, 4.

On June 7, we played a game with Punchard Academy at Alexander's park. Punchard was weakened by the loss of three regular men, and presented a patched up team. They played good ball however, and gave Pinkerton a bad scare in the ninth. Moynihan of Punchard pitched a strong game, and had great speed, which brought grief to many P. A. fellows. Pinkerton got six hits in this game and bunched them all in three innings when they were most needed. West kept the hits well scattered. Bartlett's work was an important factor in keeping the score down. Knight made a hit in the seventh with two on bases that scored two runs, and Corson made a good stop of a hot

shot in the ninth which put a check on the visitors' run getting, and probably saved the game. The score:

PINKERTON.

	AB	R	BH	PO	A	E
Raiff, 2b,	4	1	0	2	1	0
Corson, 1b,	4	1	0	11	0	2
Bartlett, 3b,	3	1	2	2	1	0
Clark, lf,	3	1	1	2	0	0
Knight, ss,	3	0	1	0	2	1
Wilson, c,	4	0	0	9	0	0
Moody, cf,	4	0	1	1	0	1
Miltimore, rf,	4	0	0	0	0	0
West, p,	4	1	1	0	3	1
Totals,	33	5	6	27	7	5

PUNCHARD.

	AB	R	BH	PO	A	E
Moynihan, p,	6	0	1	1	4	0
Poland, c,	4	0	2	13	2	0
Bingham, ss,	5	0	1	0	0	1
Lawson, 1b,	4	0	0	7	0	2
Holt, c,	4	0	0	0	0	1
Sullows, rf,	4	0	0	0	0	0
O'Connell, 2b,	4	2	1	0	1	2
McCrodie, 3b,	4	2	1	1	0	1
Gillin, lf,	3	0	0	2	0	0
Totals,	38	4	6	24	7	7

Pinkerton,	0	1	0	0	0	2	2	0	x-5
Punchard,	0	0	2	0	0	0	0	0	2-4

Earned runs—Pinkerton, 1. Stolen bases—Pinkerton, 11; Punchard, 2. First on balls—Moynihan, 2; West, 1. Struck out—By Moynihan, 11; by West, 8. Wild pitch—West. Passed balls—Poland, 3. Hit by pitched ball—Clark. Time—1:30. Umpire—Dr. H. W. Newell. Attendance—150.

Pinkerton, 7; McGaw, 1.

June 10, the team went to Reed's Ferry and defeated the McGaw Normal Institute

by the score of 7 to 1, in an errorless game. Hall, the substitute pitcher, pitched his first game this season. In six innings he struck out four men and allowed two bases on balls.

The features of the game were the batting of Bartlett and fielding of Corson and West for Pinkerton, and the base running of Bancroft and fielding of Read for McGaw. The score:

PINKERTON.

	AB	R	BH	PO	A	E
Raiff, 2b,	3	2	0	3	2	0
Corson, 1b,	4	0	2	11	0	0
Bartlett, 3b,	5	2	2	2	3	0
West, p, lf,	4	1	1	2	1	0
Knight, ss,	4	0	0	1	1	0
Wilson, c,	4	0	0	8	1	0
Moody, cf,	3	0	0	0	0	0
Miltimore, rf,	4	0	1	0	0	0
Hall, p,	3	1	0	0	2	0
McDuffie, lf,	1	1	1	1	0	0
Totals	37	7	7	27	10	0

McGAW.

	AB	R	BH	PO	A	E
Bills, cf,	4	0	0	1	0	0
E. Rose, ss,	2	0	0	0	1	3
Read, 1b,	4	0	0	13	0	1
Smith, 2b,	4	0	2	4	2	1
P. Rose, lf,	4	0	1	1	0	1
Sullivan, 3b,	3	0	0	0	1	1
Johnson, rf,	4	0	0	0	0	0
Bancroft, c,	2	1	1	7	3	1
Jones, p,	3	0	1	1	5	0
Totals,	30	1	5	27	12	8

Two base hits—Bartlett 2; Struck out—by Hall 2, by West 3, by Jones 4; Base on balls—Off Hall 2, off Jones 2; Umpires—Sullivan and Nichols; Time—1:40; Attendance—150.

How to Write Daily Themes.

I.

Two cupfuls of smiles, with a pinch of chuckles, well sifted into a few minutes. A half spoonful of "Oh, what fun!" beaten up into a good subject, and the entire mixture stirred by a vigorous mind. Pour out quickly into a mould for themes, and leave to cool, the English teacher's fevered brow.

II.

Take two cupfuls of groans, a pinch of sighs, and sift well into a half an hour. Beat thoroughly together a half a spoonful of "oh-bothers" with "what shall my subject be?" When well thickened, add a dash of collected thoughts. Mould all into an idea, and roll it out with care on a piece of foolscap. Leave it for a few days to be thoroughly baked by the judgment of the English teacher.

III.

Never write your theme for the next day the night before, for you know there is plenty of time before breakfast,—that is if you are only of a mind to get up. But the next morning when the clock strikes six, don't bother to get up then, for after breakfast you can scribble it off just before school and then copy it during some spare period. Then, after breakfast, when one of the girls runs in and asks you to do French with her, of course it would not be polite to refuse her; just say to yourself: "Well, I'll do it all the last period."

When the last period comes, take out

your pen and paper, look at the blackboard in front of you for a while as if expecting by some magic means to see a theme all written out there ready for you to copy, then dip your pen into the ink, draw a star or something of that sort on the sheet in front of you, and think real hard how you just hate to write themes. Finally look up at the clock and find that you have only ten minutes to write it in. Scribble down a line or two; write something for a subject up at the top. Then just as the bell rings you will give a sigh of relief to think how nobly you have done to write such a good theme in so short a time.

Junior English as she is Written.

"The Kangaroo is a very funny looking animal he has a small looking head and to feeble front legs and a pair of hind strong legs and a flat tail the kangaroo is a great jumper and has been known to clear ten feet to one jump when sitting still the tail serves as third leg. Their body is covered with a soft fine fur it is a very timid animal."

Roman History.—Cleopatra killed herself by applying a poisonous ape to her arm."

Teacher. "When does March come in?"
L. 'o8, "On the first."

Teacher. "Young man, if a lady drops a book it is not out of order to pick it up."

Philomathean Society.

The names of Maurice Young '08, John McDonald '06 and Wm. Nevins '08 have been added to our membership, and the society in general is still keeping up an interest.

The officers for this term were: President, C. Winthrop Hobbs '06; Vice President, Ira Knight '07; Secretary, Helen Fisher '08; Second Prudential, Dana How '05, Third Prudential, Isaac Gross '06. The first meeting of the spring term was held April 13. The regular debate was: Resolved; "That Japan is justified in its war with Russia." Aff., William Gaskin '07; Neg., Maurice Young '08.

The judges and house decided in favor of the affirmative. The extemporaneous debates were given by Miss Merriam '06 and Mr. Hillman '06.

The second meeting was held April 27. The regular debate was: Resolved; "That the American Board of Missions should have accepted the gift of John D. Rockefeller." Aff., C. Winthrop Hobbs '06, Ivan Morrison '07; Neg., Blanche Prescott '07, Myra Foster '05. The judges decided in favor of the Negative. Re-

solved; "That the salary of the President of the United States should be increased to \$75,000." Wm. Gaskin '07.

The third meeting was held May 4. The regular debate was: Resolved; "That military tactics should be taught in preparatory schools." Aff., Frederick J. Shepard, Jr. '07; Neg., Harold V. Abbott '07. The judges rendered their decision in favor of the Affirmative, the house the Negative. Resolved; That Dartmouth College should cease to admit students on certificate." Bessie Bartlett '05. Resolved; That the United States should own and operate all railroads." Arvilla Thompson '05.

The next meeting was held May 18. The regular debate was: Resolved; "That students should enter college by examinations only." Aff., Edith Brown '08; Neg., Helen Fisher '08. The judges decided in favor of the Negative. Resolved; "That if a peaceable and equal partition of China among the great powers can be accomplished, such a partition would be advantageous to the world." Aff., Carl Hillman '06.

HELEN H. FISHER, '08, Secretary.

Alumni Notes.

'50's. Arthur Folsom is a retired minister and lives in Lincoln, Neb.

'50's. Richard Folsom and wife sailed May 23 for Europe where they will remain until October.

'50's. Mr. and Mrs. Augustus Barrett (Kate Cheever) students in the '50's, are living in Malden, Mass.

'50's. Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Brickett have moved to Melrose Highlands. Mr. Brick-

ett is the President of the Alumni Association, succeeding Mr. Perley L. Horne.

'50's. Mrs. Fannie Webster Ray of Haverhill, Mass., and Mrs. Julia Webster Poor of Groveland, Mass., have been visiting their brothers George and John Webster of West Derry. Mrs. Ray and Mrs. Poor attended the Academy in the '50's and later Mrs. Ray taught the school in Derry Village.

'53-'56. Mrs. J. W. Ray has been spending several weeks in California. She is the widow of a former Principal of Pinkerton.

'58. Mr. J. Warren Bailey has been appointed Secretary of the Prison Commission of Massachusetts. Mr. Bailey, while a student here, lived on the Chester road.

'66. Of the class of seven who graduated in 1866 four are alive. These are Miss Maria S. Parsons and Mrs. Walter D. Stevens (Martha G. Shute), both of Deiry; Mrs. John Henry Allen (Hattie Dinsmore), wife of a Methodist minister in Newport, R. I.; and Miss Lucy Shute, a teacher in the Mary Livermore School in Melrose, Mass.

'69. Miss Mary E. Perkins will spend the summer in Europe.

'70. Mrs. Emma Goodhue Ford, who for a number of years has taught the No. 7 school, has moved to Westbrook, Me., where her son is telegraph operator for the Boston & Maine R. R. Mrs. Ford was a student in the early '70's.

'76. Mr. William P. Upton is President of a bank in Medway, Mass.

'78. Frank W. Eastman, who is treasurer of the Cobb Eastman Co. of Boston, lives in Framingham, Mass.

'81. Mrs. Carrie Sanders Davdison, who has been spending the past two years in Sanford, Fla., is expected to visit her brother, Dr. W. R. Sanders, the coming summer.

'81-85. Otis Clark is an electrician in Schenectady, N. Y. His wife was Grace Hanson. They are to be congratulated on the advent of a daughter in their family circle.

'86. Miss Carrie M. Underhill is librarian in Utica, N. Y.

'88. F. H. Bachelder is a dentist in Manchester.

'90. Mr. and Mrs. Paul Brickett (Maria Montgomery), announce the birth of their third son, on June 9th.

'90. Walter Hall is in business in Boston with his father.

'90. George S. Palmer, recently of Hampstead, N. H., is spending the summer at Hedding.

'90-'92. Dr. and Mrs. F. L. Smalley are living in Reading, Mass. Mrs. Smalley will be remembered as Helen H. Hobbs.

'91-'97. Miss Anna C. Blenker, drawing teacher from '91 to '97, is teaching in the Wadleigh High School in New York City.

'91-'93. Miss Mary C. Emery has just finished a second year as teacher at Ashland, N. H. Miss Emery is a graduate of the Plymouth Normal School.

'91-'92. Miss Sarah G. Frost, the elocution teacher in '91 and '92, has been teaching for the past four years at Staunton, Va.

'92. Frederic B. Eaton is a lawyer in Sioux Falls, S. D.

'92. Grace Peabody is in an insurance office in Exeter, N. H.

'92-94. Miss Elizabeth E. Goodhue is cashier for Thorp & Martin, stationers, in Boston. Miss Goodhue has held this position for four years.

'93. The French blue streamers on the '93 tree were hung there by Mrs. Abbie Chase Meserve and Mrs. Louise Crombie Bampton, who are Derry's representatives of that class.

'93. William J. Parrot is engaged in the insurance business in Boston, and is living in Arlington, Mass.

'93. Mr. E. W. Smith, and instructor in '93, is now located at Colgate Academy and has charge of the English department. Mr. Smith is married and has two children.

'93. Mr. John L. Bradford of the firm of Eastman & Bradford, Civil Engineers, is working in Lynn, Mass.

'94. Mr. Ernest Silver of Portsmouth was one of the speakers at the Teachers' Institute held in Derry in April. He gave an excellent talk on the teaching of arithmetic.

'94. Miss Elizabeth Eaton, who since her graduation has been teaching, is about to realize a long anticipated privilege, by entering Brown University the coming autumn.

'94. Mr. and Mrs. F. M. Marsh (Amy Noyes '95), are living at Fair Haven, Mass., where Mr. Marsh is Supt. of Schools.

'94-'95. Mabel Carena Haley has a position as bookkeeper with a firm in Boston. Her home address is 54 Olney St., Watertown, Mass.

'94-'95. Waldo Savage Palmer has a partnership in a men's outfitting and furnishing store in Manchester, N. H.

'95. Reed Paige Clark left Derry June 5 for a pleasure trip of several months in Alaska.

'95. Invitations are out for the wedding of Miss Grace Pillsbury '95 of Derry, and Mr. Josiah Horton Crocker of Salem, Mass., to take place in the Baptist church of West Derry, on June 28.

'96-'97. Allison B. Cutler is serving as clerk in the store of L. B. Jenkins & Co. He is the son of the original owner of the business at that stand, and is interested in the work, and well adapted to the business.

His Derry friends are hoping he will remain here and not return to the South.

'96. Rev. W. J. Atkinson is preaching at the Trinity M. E. church in Manchester.

'96. Miss Sarah E. Wheeler is teaching in Chelmsford, Mass., and Miss Mary Mulliken is teaching in Wayland, Mass.

'95-'96. Much joy was brought to the home of Mr. and Mrs. Laurence Mayberry of Brunswick, Me., a few months ago by the arrival of a daughter Miriam. Mrs. Mayberry formerly was Miss Eva Mason.

'95-'96. We have just heard of the marriage of Miss M. Louise Schermerhorn to Mr. Hubuer, a lawyer of Baltimore, Md.

'96-'97. Clarence M. Crowell is a fireman on the Boston & Maine R. R., and has headquarters at Manchester, N. H.

'96-'98. Waterman Lyon is a member of the class of '05 at the Boston University Medical School.

'96-'99. Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Carpenter (Addie Clark), have the sympathy of their many friends in the loss of their little baby boy, who died suddenly on May 18.

'96-'99. Frederick S. Sanders has a position with the Boston Post.

'97-'98. Charles B. Sanders is at work in Seattle, Mass.

'98. W. E. Sargent is a dentist in Minneapolis, Minn.

'98-'99. Miss Anna C. Martin of Chester has for the past two years been a milliner in Springfield, Mass.

'98-'00. Harriett Murray Lane is at the Elliot hospital in Manchester, studying to be a trained nurse.

'98-'02. Mabel Hale Ridgway is engaged in Deaconess work in Dover.

'99. Mr. and Mrs. Rockwell Clough (Nellie S. Place) reside in Alton, N. H.

'03. Miss Marion A. Stevens has just completed a two years' course at the Bridge-water Normal School.

'03. Harry C. Kimball is employed in the Manchester office of the American Express Company.

'03. The wedding of Ada Bartlett and

Mr. Ralph Sanborn, both of Raymond, N. H., is appointed for Wednesday, June 28.

'04. Annie Fisher is in Lynn, Mass., in the employ of the General Electrical Co.

'04. Clara Moody Ridgway has been attending some of the lectures at Mt. Holyoke College, this year, although she has not yet commenced the regular college course.

Marriage in Cloverland.

The little Clovers played at tag in the gentle winds of May. They fed on the warm sunshine and took long draughts of the sweet June rain, than which, so our grandmothers tell us, there is no better purifier for the complexion. At any rate, from one cause or another,—it may have been from some wholesome nourishment derived from the the bosom of Mother Earth—the tiny buds grew all pink and white. Very sweet were they, too, thought the Bumble Bees—in their sable robes and golden stoles, priests of the rich order of Jesuites—as they zealously guarded them.

Can it be that these holy fathers had

any selfish motives, that the goblets of luscious wine always provided by the Clover family at their banquets influenced them in the least? Be that as it may, as each bud blossomed into full beauty and grace, a Bumble Bee always appeared with an equally charming Alsykian prince. Then the Blue Bells wagged their little heads, and their tongues made such a noise that the Clovers danced in unison, and the Bumble Bees buzzed in tune till the night winds sighing dreamily and the wine in their veins flowing lazily, these tiny priests, like many larger, lay down to reveries of work well done.

Secrets.

What is your favorite variety of pears ? I prefer the Bartlett.

Why does Myra always appear so motherly ? Because she Fosters children.

Why does Howard look discouraged ? Because he is always Moody.

Why is Harris always pleasant ? Because fair winds blow from the West.

How does Marion remind you of a beech ? Simply because she is always covered with Morse.

How does Elizabeth remind you of a numerical unit ? She makes up just a Gross.

What faculty has Marguerite which no other girl has ? She Cogswell.

Why is Ray so lenient with girls ? Because he is always Clement.

The two kinds of Electricity are Affirmative and Negative.

"If an inhabitant of Derry is called a Derryite, the Academy crow cannot see why 'un Parisien' is not a 'parasite.'"

Juniorisms. "ceder", "enimies", "sturred"

Senior English — Ruffs is pronounced roofs ; and the ruffs and peaked beards of Theobald's are explained as a "certain style of architecture."

It was the custom of the old Greeks to go about *beard*-headed.

"Conspicit, ecce, alois dextra laevaue per herbam vescentis."

"Lo he sees on the right and left some men feeding on grass."

The Juniors were sent to the black-board to write the sentence, "Charles I. was beheaded," and one young man wrote thus . — "Charles, I was beheaded."

Prof. B. Parse vidit.

Miss B. '08 (at breakneck speed)—It is present, perfect, imperfect.

Prof. B. That is sufficient, the last only was correct.

Overheard in Review Geometry—If two propositions have three terms of one equal respectively to three terms of the other, and the fourth terms unequal, the fourth terms are equal ! This foreshadows an advanced age of science to be introduced by M. '05.

"The facts were incorrect."—H. '05.

"Darwin discovered the Upper Motion Theory."—Eastern Nation's Note Book.

The following was heard in a description of a table in a French translation :

"It has legs which reach from one side to the other."

English History—Roger Bacon introduced the potato and one year the crop was blasted.

Jr. Cong. Plural of those "thoses."

1st yr. German,— "Concord maintains the world," was mistaken for, "Corncocks maintain the world."

Putting up sodas on strike outs is getting quite common.

At a meeting of the Rainy Day Club held May 18, Brother Gaskin '07, a former member of the club, was reinstated, upon the unanimous motion of the club members.

We wish to thank those who, by giving us their advertisements, have aided in making this number a success. It is the duty of every friend of the CRITIC to help the paper by patronizing these advertiser

Whispers from The Corridor.

Miss Alice D. Chase was a recent school visitor.

Goodby '05. The entire school wishes you success and prosperity.

Dionisio Lamas '08 of Nuevitas, Cuba, will spend the summer in this country.

Carl Forsaith recently came over to school for the first time since his illness.

Mrs. Elizabeth G. Prescott was obliged to be absent recently from her duties as Music teacher on account of a severe attack of ivy poisoning.

A horizontal bar has been put up behind the gymnasium and the boys are showing off their "stunts" at recess to the wonderment of the girls.

The Junior class has recently set out a beautiful Rhododendron upon the campus. This is an entirely new departure, and one greatly to be commended.

The two tennis courts are in constant use at present, and judging from the number who are practising, there should be a very interesting tournament this year.

The State Superintendent of Public Instruction, Mr. H. C. Morrison, and Mr. Bickford, Superintendent of the Manchester School Board, spent a day here this term.

A large delegation from the Andover, Mass., Association of Ministers, which met in Derry recently, made a short visit to the Academy and were shown over the building.

All the cuts in this issue of the CRITIC are from photographs by Rand of West Derry. Mr. Rand's work for the Acade-

my has always been of the same high quality.

Walter I. Neller '06, who was captain of the Base Ball team at the beginning of the season, resigned after the second game with Methuen, and Harris West '05 was chosen as his successor.

Mr. and Mrs. Reynolds have always been claimed as members of 1905, for they entered the Academy with the class and have always been especially interested in it.

We are always pleased to have a visit from Rev. Lucien H. Adams of Derry, who is loved by us all as a genial and interested friend of the school. Mr. Adams is one of the visiting committee, and the only one who has honored us with his presence during the year.

Three young trees have lately been set out by the lower classes upon the campus. Our campus is very beautiful by reason of its grand old trees, and we are glad to see that the pupils take such an interest in trying to add to its beauty, instead of waiting for everything to be done by the trustees.

The annual Teachers' Reception was held Friday evening, June 9, and nearly every member of the school was present as guests of the Faculty. The ushers were Ruth Merriam, Esther Hunt, Carl Hillman, and Ray Clement of the Middle Class. The music for the evening was provided by a Pianola, which gave an entertainment of highly appreciated selec-

tions. The caterer was Davis of West Derry.

The Athletic Association, assisted by the young ladies, gave a lawn party upon the campus, Friday evening, May 26. A pleasant social time was enjoyed by those present, among whom were some of the people of the village who kindly interested themselves in the object. Ice cream and candy were on sale, and from the proceeds of these the Association was able to realize the sum of \$12.00.

Friday evening, June 2, Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Reynolds entertained the Senior class at their home. A delightful evening it was, made merrier by the efforts of the boys and girls in untangling a maze of "cobwebs." Although not all the rewards justified the hopes aroused by a sight of their original package form, the fun of reaching the ends of the strings more than repaid the work of untangling.

The members of the Faculty, as well as the students, are planning for a much needed rest during the summer. Mr. Bingham will go immediately at the close of school, to Toronto, where he will attend the International Sunday School Convention. He will return later and spend the summer in Derry and at Rye Beach.

Miss Parsons will be at New London, Conn., and Monhegan, Maine. Mrs. Prescott will be in Derry and at Rye. Mr. Campbell expects to remain in Derry. Miss Bartlett will be at her home in Epping, and Mrs. Pillsbury at Billerica and Falmouth, Mass. Mr. Reynolds will be at Lamoine, Maine. It is expected that all will return for another year.

Miss Grace E. Fogler, our teacher of Elocution, and our source of inspiration for the Shakesperian plays of the past three years, was married May 31, to Mr.

Donald Campbell Clark, at Paris Hill, Maine. Mr. and Mrs. Clark will be at home after July 5, at 168 Brattle St., Cambridge, Mass. They have the sincerest wishes of the school that many years of supreme happiness may attend them.

As a result of the Preliminary contests before the Faculty, the following were chosen to represent the two higher classes in the Prize Speaking Contest: from the Senior Class, Arvilla H. Thompson of Raymond, Rosie B. Chase of Derry, Lulu A. Sargent of Derry, Carmen B. Stilphen of Jackson, and from the Middle Class, Emma T. Cone of Reading, Mass., Marguerite E. Clark of Hampstead, James I. Miltimore of Derry, and Carl R. Hillman, of Pelham. For the Essay Contest the following were selected: Bessie Bartlett of Raymond and Marguerite A. Cogswell Stratford, Conn.; from the Senior class, Harriette N. Melvin of Derry and Nellie W. Bampton of Derry from the Middle class.

On the evening of May 31, many of the pupils availed themselves of the opportunity given of hearing addresses by Mr. H. C. Morrison, the State Superintendent, and Mr. Kemp, Principal of Sanborn Seminary, at the evening session of the Rockingham County Conference of Congregational Ministers, then meeting in Derry. Great interest was felt in these speakers by the pupils; in the first, because of his office in the state which touches all of us; and in the second, because of the interest which this school feels for its sister school.

Owing to lack of interest the annual Handicap Meet had to be given up. In place of the Handicap meet there were two basket-ball games on Field Day; one between the Middlers and the Junior Middlers for the championship of the school; the other between two picked teams of girls.

We use

this space to remind P. A. Boys that we are always pleased to show them our stock of Custom and ready-made

**Clothing, Hats, Caps, and
Furnishing Goods, also
Umbrellas and Suit Cases.**

And we will do our best to please and interest them.

C. H. CLEMENT,

WEST DERRY, N. H.

Temple Quartette of Boston,
organized 1867
Best Known Quartette in America.



E. F. WEBBER Mgr., 131 Tremont St., Boston, Mass.

A Pinkerton Jingle.

A is for Anna, as Portia sweet,
B for Bassanio who kneels at her feet.
C is for Charlie, Antonio grave,
D for the Duke who the judgment gave.
E is the earnest endeavor of all,
F is Miss Fogler, to whom honor should fall
G for Gratiano is quite the thing;
H is for Hobbs whom as Gobbo we sing.
I is the interest which every one had;
J is for Jessica, timid and sad.
K is the kindness shown to the Jew;
L is Lorenzo and Launcelot, too.
M is Morocco, the home of the Prince;
N for Nerissa, the sly little minx,
O is the ones who work hard out of sight,
P is the prompter so patient and bright;
Q is the quickness that all show in thought;
R is the ring which fair Portia bought.
S is for Shylock, by Miltimore played,
T is for Tubal his friend and his aid.
U is the Union throughout the whole school,
V is the vim which no one could o'er rule,
W is the wonder throughout the town
At X Y and Z who without renown
Played well their parts till the curtain
went down.

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